

Life

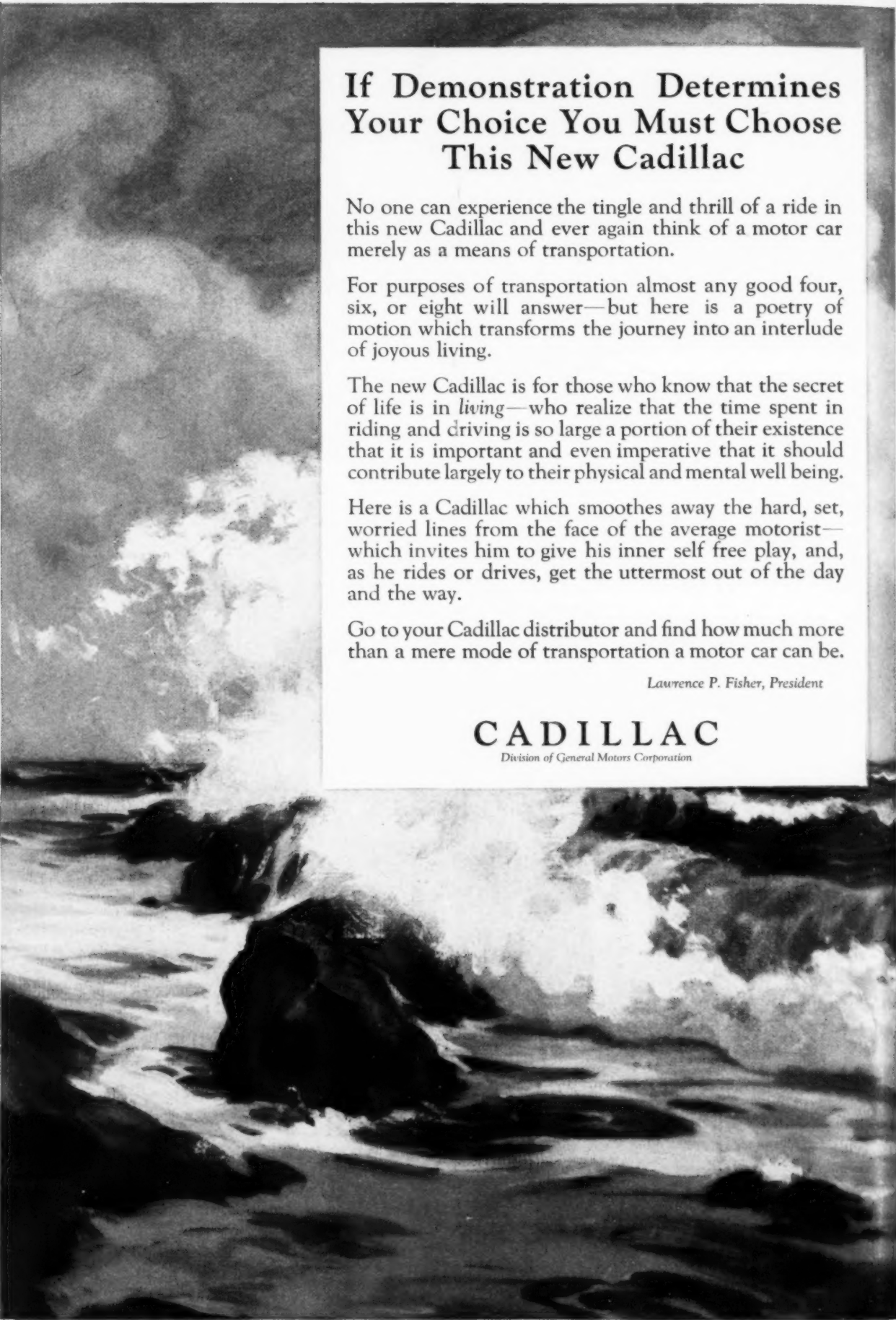


WILL RANNALLS

SEPTEMBER 3, 1925

An Old Sea Dog

PRICE 15 CENTS



If Demonstration Determines Your Choice You Must Choose This New Cadillac

No one can experience the tingle and thrill of a ride in this new Cadillac and ever again think of a motor car merely as a means of transportation.

For purposes of transportation almost any good four, six, or eight will answer—but here is a poetry of motion which transforms the journey into an interlude of joyous living.

The new Cadillac is for those who know that the secret of life is in *living*—who realize that the time spent in riding and driving is so large a portion of their existence that it is important and even imperative that it should contribute largely to their physical and mental well being.

Here is a Cadillac which smoothes away the hard, set, worried lines from the face of the average motorist—which invites him to give his inner self free play, and, as he rides or drives, get the uttermost out of the day and the way.

Go to your Cadillac distributor and find how much more than a mere mode of transportation a motor car can be.

Lawrence P. Fisher, President

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

Study in Ways and Means

FIRST, being of no little influence, he went unto all the sport page columnists in the city, saying:

"In all your references to baseball—and let them be frequent—I would ask you to refer to a home run as a 'stitch.' Reasons of weight have I, but do all in your power to gain for the word 'stitch' current meaning as a slang synonym of *home-run*."

The columnists did as directed, and, strange as it may appear, their efforts, combined with those of the sports writers, served to make its recognition in the new sense certain and immediate among all classes. This in a few months. And when the time grew ripe for supposedly easy picking, he made one mysterious visit to the editorial rooms of a great magazine, inviting therefrom a friend of his who had not a little to do with the preparation of incomplete limericks used in prize contests.

And this latter person was lean and gaunt from reasons of his own, and the meal to which he was blown was as welcome as the flowers in December. So that the magazine shortly appeared holding forth the \$999.00 prize to him who would supply the best last line to the following unfinished limerick:

THE VISITORS' BATTER WAS FINE,
THE VISITORS WIELDED THE PINE;
BUT IT HAD NO EFFECT,
FOR OUR TEAM WAS SELECT
.....

And one hour after the magazine had appeared on the streets, our hero (because he would not try to bribe the judges) had mailed his last line:

AND A STITCH IN TIME SAVED THE
HOME NINE.

And the results of his care were made manifest in three weeks. For Adele Claudia Kurtzmeyer had won the prize with the line:

SO WE WON IT ANYWAY, I BET A DIME!

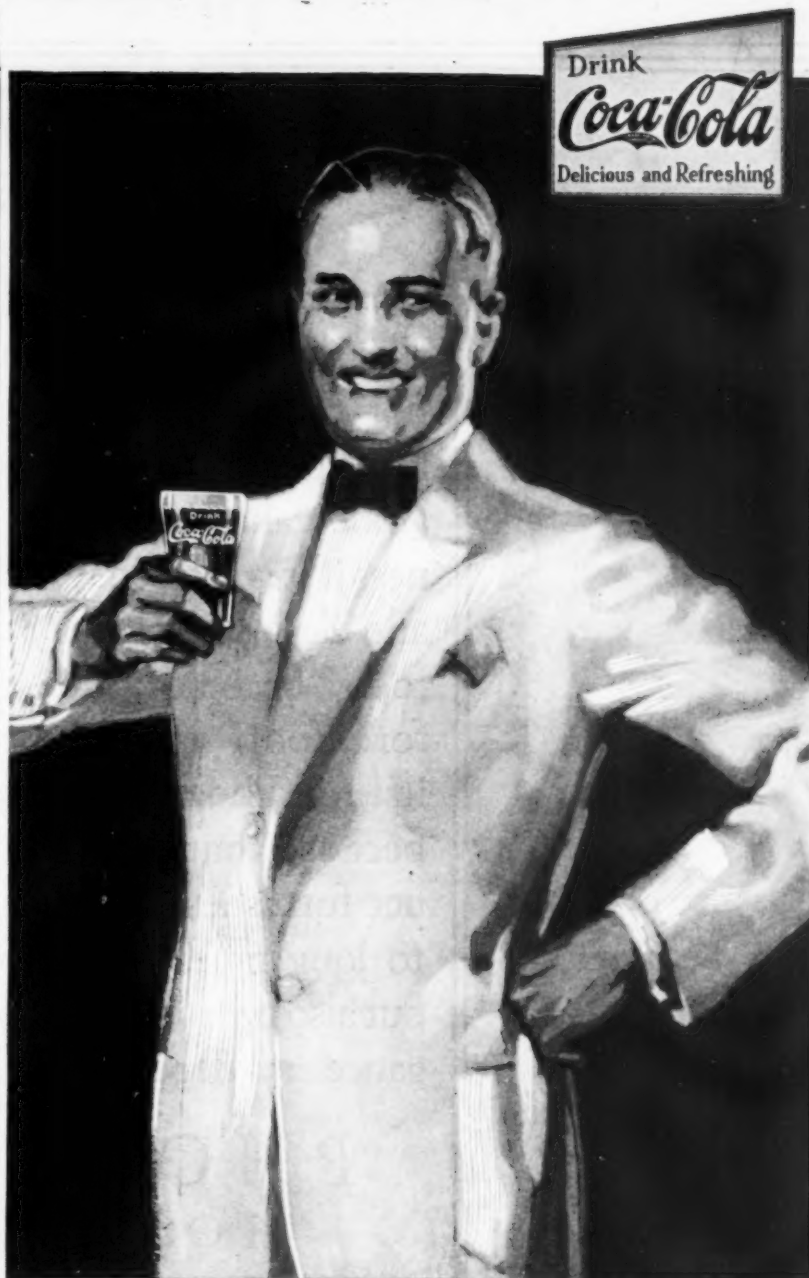
W. G. H.

Down to the Sea in Cities

We have it on the authority of Sir E. Denison Ross, who has lately discovered an ancient treasure ship resting on top of a sunken city, that the ship must have gone down some time after the city was engulfed by the ocean. This seems to us an entirely proper conclusion, since if the ship had gone down first, one would expect him to have found the sunken city resting on top of the ship.

"Isn't that a lively child! Why, he's as spry as a goat."

"That's only natural. His father and mother were both pedestrians."



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

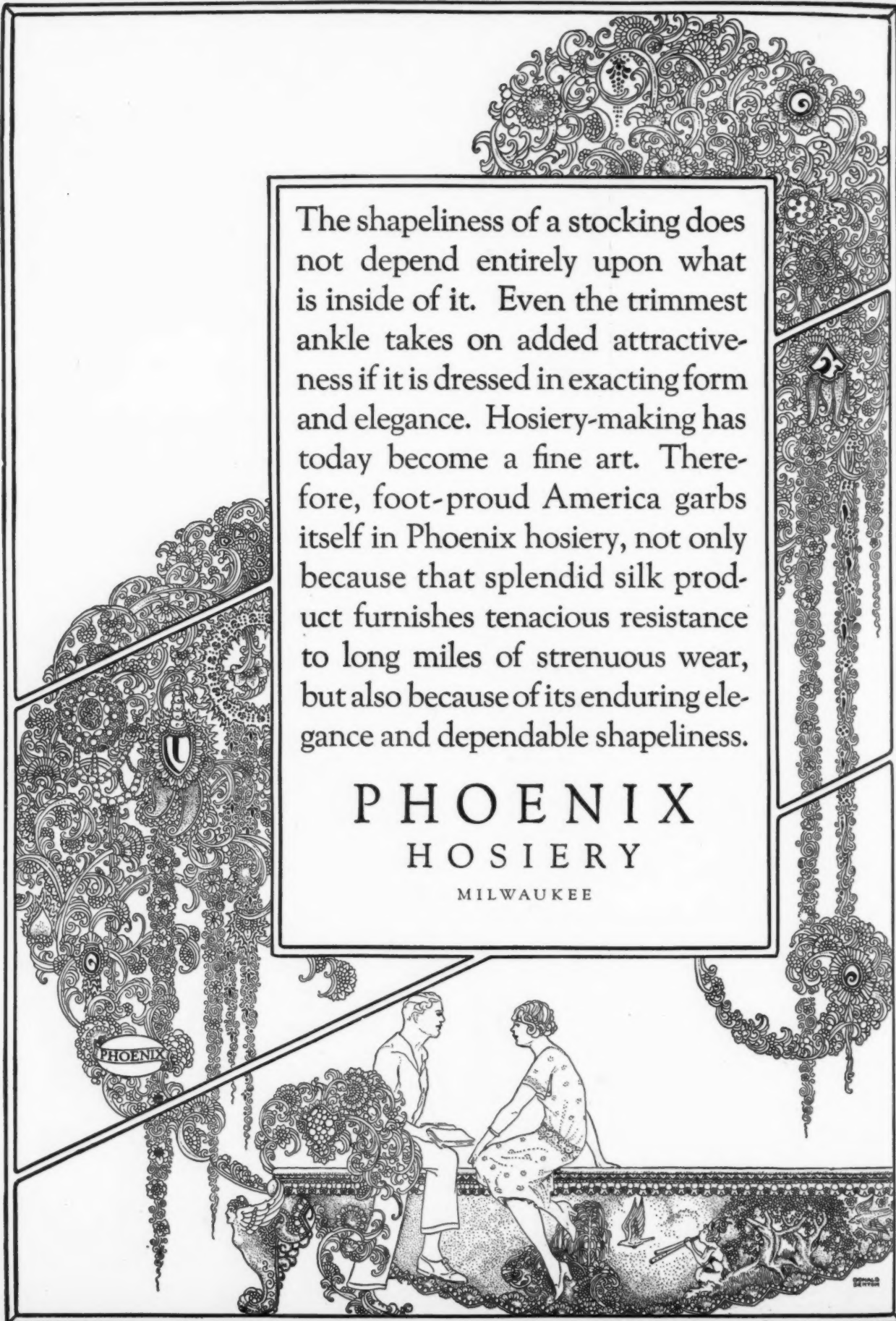
BE ALERT! . . .
• HERE'S HOW!
Pause a moment.
• Refresh yourself.
Enjoy ice-cold Coca-Cola!

SOLD EVERYWHERE. / FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

The shapeliness of a stocking does not depend entirely upon what is inside of it. Even the trimmest ankle takes on added attractiveness if it is dressed in exacting form and elegance. Hosiery-making has today become a fine art. Therefore, foot-proud America garbs itself in Phoenix hosiery, not only because that splendid silk product furnishes tenacious resistance to long miles of strenuous wear, but also because of its enduring elegance and dependable shapeliness.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE





"IF YOU DON'T COME OUT, I'M COMING RIGHT IN TO GET YOU."

Myrtle on the Sexes

MYRTLE says that sometimes she thinks if she hadn't been born a woman she'd like to have been a man. They can *do* so many more things, if you get what she means. And she thinks men's loyalty to each other is just splendid. Of course, sometimes they carry that sort of thing too far. Look at Carrie Thatcher's husband....

Really, though, there are advantages in being a woman. They call women the mysterious sex. Well, it's funny, but honestly, there are times when Myrtle feels just as *mysterious* as—well, as anything. If you see what she's driving at. There are times when she's almost *certain* she's a reincarnation of Cleopatra. Why, she was looking at some drawings of ancient Egypt one night, and everything seemed to come *back* so, if you get what she means.

Myrtle knows that she has what they call "appeal." Well, she can't help it. Why, one night when Andy Freeman was taking her home from a dance, he looked right into her eyes in the *thrillingest* way and said: "God, little girl!" just like that, and then clapped his hand over his forehead and absolutely *stalked* off. Well, Myrtle can't help it if she affects them that way. She likes them to like her. Most all men are gentlemen at heart....Except, of course, when they've been drinking.

And when she gets married she's going to *insist* that her husband spend one evening in the week with the "boys." It will be *perfectly* all right with her. She isn't jealous. Because, Heaven knows, if she felt her husband didn't want her, she'd be the *first* person in the world to let him go. Myrtle has lots of *pride*. Maybe it's silly, but she has. Anyway, marriage is just a business arrangement, don't you think? Or do you? And besides, thank God, Myrtle hasn't any *foolish* ideas in her head about men....Like *some* persons she could mention....

Tip Bliss.

Easy for Her

"DOES your wife economize?"

"Yes; she does without practically everything I need!"

Life

Yes, Sir!

IN every bunch, or high or low,
You're absolutely sure to find him,
Though lots of people, even so,
Don't mind him.
Wherever conversation swerves,
No matter how you turn or head it,
This silly smiling sap observes,
"You said it!"

Say Prohibition is a curse
And that its rules and laws oppress you,
Or say exactly the reverse—
He'll "Yes" you.
You'll meet in all your walks and ways,
Until you learn to hate and dread it,
The Yes Man's never-changing phrase,
"You said it!"

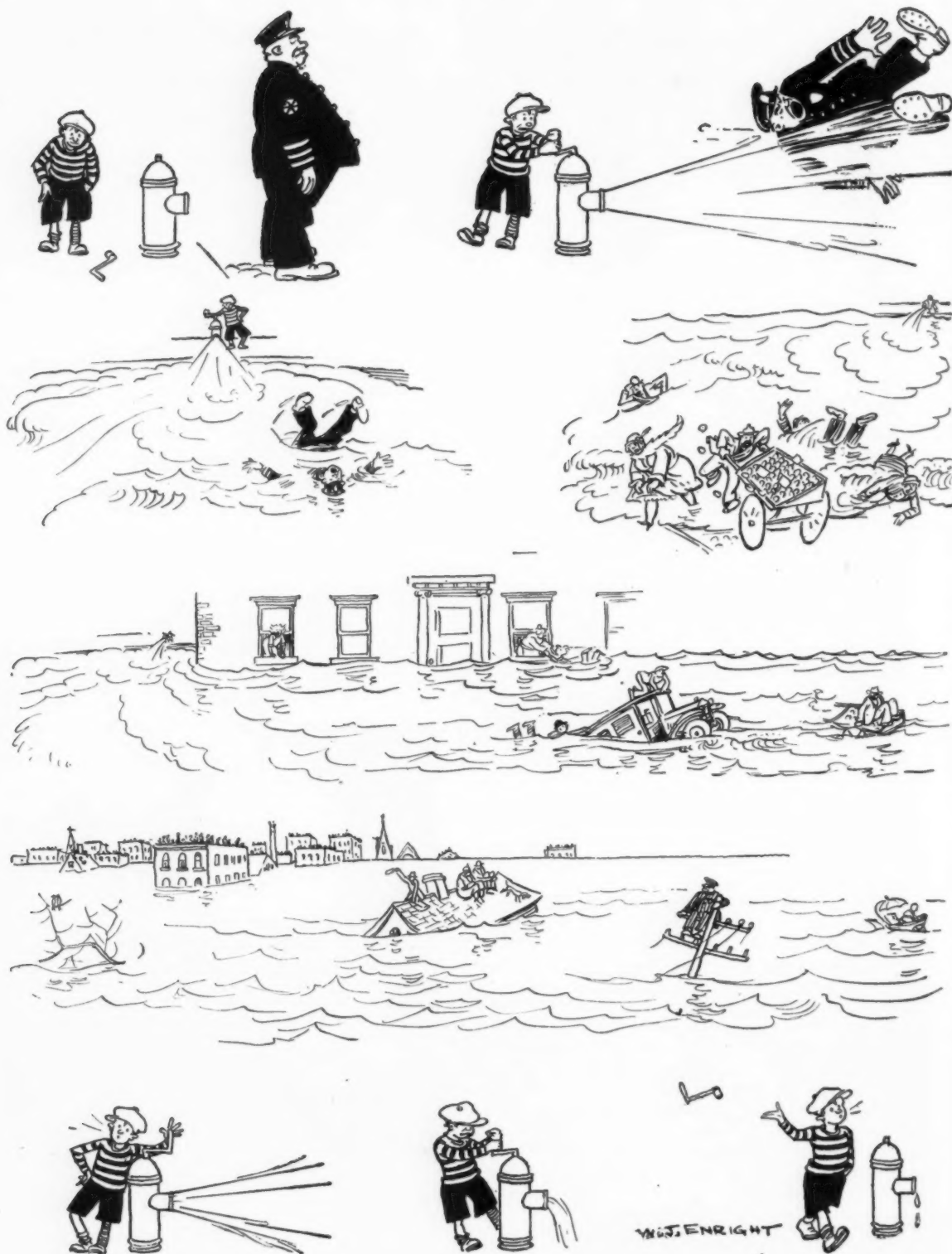
His brain is made of woody pith;
He roams throughout the world's dominions
Consistently agreeing with
Opinions.
He is, no doubt, a kindly chap,
Who means right well, to give him credit—
But would I like to slay the sap?
"--- --!"

Berton Braley.



"TO WHO, TO WHO!"

"HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU TO SAY, TO WHOM?"



NOT SO MUCH FUN AFTER ALL

The Sunday Auto Ride

By H. I. Phillips

THE household of Amos Q. Pipp was, for want of a better horizontal word in four letters, agog.

Mrs. Emma Pipp, her face as red from exertion as a cluster of picture-house exit bulbs, was filling a thermos bottle with hot coffee and incidentally scalding "Rajah," the Pipp puppy. Prunella Pipp, the twelve-year-old daughter, was lathering rye bread with pimento cheese and wrapping the result in oil-paper. Patricia Pipp, nine, was packing hard-boiled eggs and bananas into a shoebox already congested with sardine tins, pickle bottles and a jelly roll. Prentice Pipp, five, was running around in circles carrying a gorgeous tin pail and shovel and registering a keen desire to be on the wing.

Pa Pipp, radiant but rattled, was dividing his time between issuing general directions to the whole Pipp family and darting to the front window to see if the new Pipp flivver was still at the curb where he had left it in all its vernal elegance. Pa Pipp was beset by a nervous dread that somebody would back into that car, scratch a match on its glossy surface, or swoop down and carry it off the moment his back was turned.

It was Sunday Morning.

To the Pipp family it was the Sunday Morning that would bring emancipation from cramped apartments, crowded subway trains, congested city sidewalks and teeming parks. For the Pipp family had their first automobile.

Pa Pipp had just tooled the bus from the garage and was anxious to get the

family aboard and be on the way to the beach.

"You're a great big dear for buying it," exclaimed Mrs. Pipp, with a smile of gratitude, as she closed a shoebox full of delicatessen products. "Now we can really enjoy our Sundays."

"It took a lotta income-tax cheatin' an' one thing 'nd another, but I figured you was entitled to it," answered Amos, drawing himself to his full five feet four. "Every man owes it to his family to own a car these days!"

"You darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Pipp.

"It's health insurance!" went on Amos. "It means taking the wife and kiddies from the stuffy, cramped confines of the city out through the flowered countryside to the breeze-swept, sun-kissed mountains and beaches!"

"Ain't it so?" cried Mrs. Pipp.

"It means rest, contentment, recreation, peace of mind, health and happiness," continued Amos with fitting gesticulations. "It means a happy transition from the congestion of the city to the freedom of God's own open country, out where the fragrance of the fields and streams—the odor of the balsams and the tang of the salt sea air smite the nostrils."

"You read that in the folder!" accused Mrs. Pipp.

"What of it?" demanded Amos. "It's the truth, ain't it?"

"Take this box, Prunella," commanded the mother, "and be careful to carry it right side up. There's a custard pie in it. Patricia, you carry the hamper! Amos, take the big basket!



THE POLICEMAN MOTIONED AMOS TO STOP.

Everything's ready, I think. Goodness me! Phew!"

"Snap into your hat and coat, Ma!" ordered Mr. Pipp as he led the way out of the Pipp apartment, whistling a gypsy song.

"How about the dog?" called Mrs. Pipp. "He wants to go, don't you, popsy-upsy? Ess, him does."

"Bring him along, but don't let him put his paws on the varnish!" called back Pipp.

As Amos reached the streets, some seconds ahead of the family, he emitted a shrill note of alarm at the discovery of two boys playing baseball close to the new flivver. He inspected the car minutely for any indication that it had been hit by a passing ball. His heart beat very rapidly at the thought of such a calamity.

"Hurry up!" he cried to Mrs. Pipp and the Pipp progeny. "Let's get aboard before anything happens."

The family piled aboard joyously, if nervously. Mrs. Pipp looked up at the windows to see if any neighbors were



"BAH!" ROARED THE STRANGER.

shooting jealous looks from behind the shades.

Mr. Pipp took the wheel and stepped on the starter.

"We're off!" he shouted. "Off for the Great Open Spaces!"

"Off to the Great Open Spaces," repeated Mrs. Pipp.

"Popper, how far is it to the beach?" piped Patricia Pipp.

"About twenty miles," replied Amos.

"How long will it take us to get there, Popper?" asked Prentice, the youngest Pippian.

"Oh," replied Mr. Pipp with the utmost nonchalance, "we oughter do it in about fifty minutes!"

Mr. Pipp looked at his watch.

It was 12:30.

Confidently he tooled his car off the side street through darting taxis and on to the main thoroughfare. He grew a little nervous when, within the first ten blocks, his right front fender was twice grazed by other Sunday tourists cutting in ahead of him. Mrs. Pipp was somewhat perturbed, too, by the number of cars going in the same direction.

"It's like a parade, ain't it?" she exclaimed.

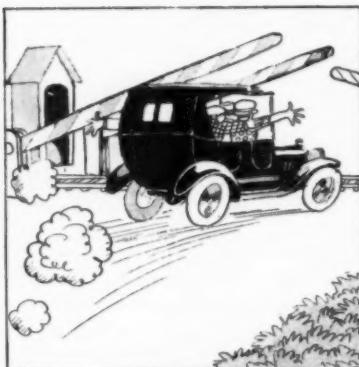
"People getting home from church, I guess," said Amos.

"Look out!" yelled Mrs. Pipp abruptly.

Her shout brought the car to such a sudden stop that the Pipp baby was jostled from his seat into the box containing the custard pie.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Pipp. "You made me stall the engine! Don't yell at a man when he's driving."

"That big truck ahead was stopping," explained Mrs. Pipp.



HE BARELY AVOIDED CRASHING INTO THEM.

"I saw it," snapped Mr. Pipp, very red, as the cars ahead moved on and a fanfare of horns assailed him from behind. Before he got his car started again a dozen cars turned out and whizzed by, the owners flinging back comment of a nature much too hot for Mr. Pipp to handle.

The car suddenly lurched forward and was on its way again. Mr. Pipp was perspiring dreadfully. Mrs. Pipp looked unhappy.

The traffic signal was against them at the next crossing. "We turn here," said Amos, as he awaited the "Go" signal. After what seemed an hour the policeman blew his whistle. The twenty or more cars lined up started forward with explosive sputterings. Mr. Pipp started to turn to the right. There was a grinding of brakes behind him. Somebody shouted: "Whatcha doin' there, stupid?"

"Why don't you hold out your hand?" bawled another.

The policeman motioned to Amos to

stop. Amos did so. He looked very rattled. After all the cars had passed on down the avenue the officer beckoned for him to turn. "Give a sign there, feller, before you make any turns!" said the policeman gruffly as Amos wheeled by. "I'm no mind reader."

"The thick mug!" said Mr. Pipp, softly, when he had covered a safe distance.

A whistle blew sharply.

"He heard you say that!" cried Mrs. Pipp, looking back.

Amos turned the color of faded enamel and put on his brakes prepared for the worst.

"No," said Mrs. Pipp. "It's all right. He's stopping traffic again. Go ahead, dearie."

Amos sighed heavily and stepped on the gas.

He was beginning to look very ragged.

"I suppose it's always bad getting out of the city," he said weakly. "Soon's we get across town and hit the turnpike it'll be easy."

Within sight of the turnpike, Mr. Pipp found himself blocked. He peered out over the side of the car. There was a solid mass of machines ahead of him, waiting for the signal to turn into the turnpike.

"Popper, why don't we move?" chirped the Pipp infant, after about fifteen minutes.

"Don't ask fool questions," barked Mr. Pipp.

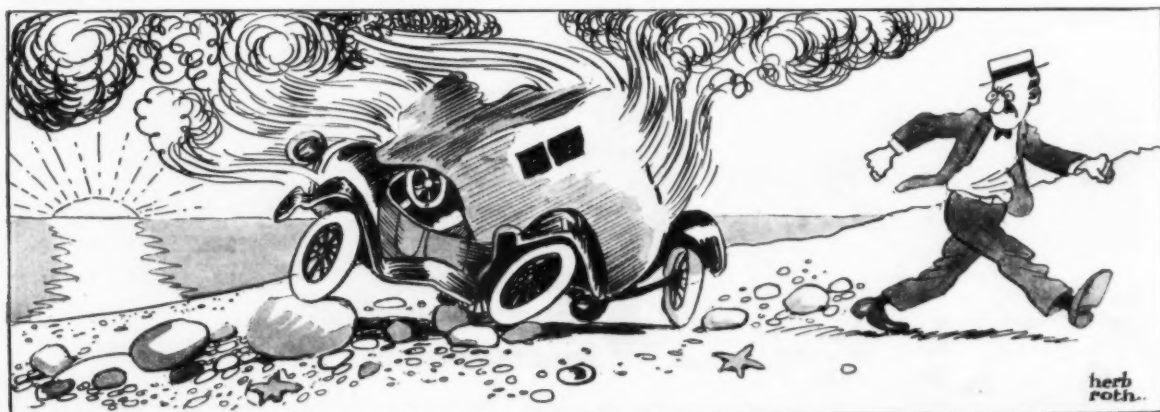
"What time is it, Amos?" asked Mrs. Pipp.

Mr. Pipp looked at his watch.

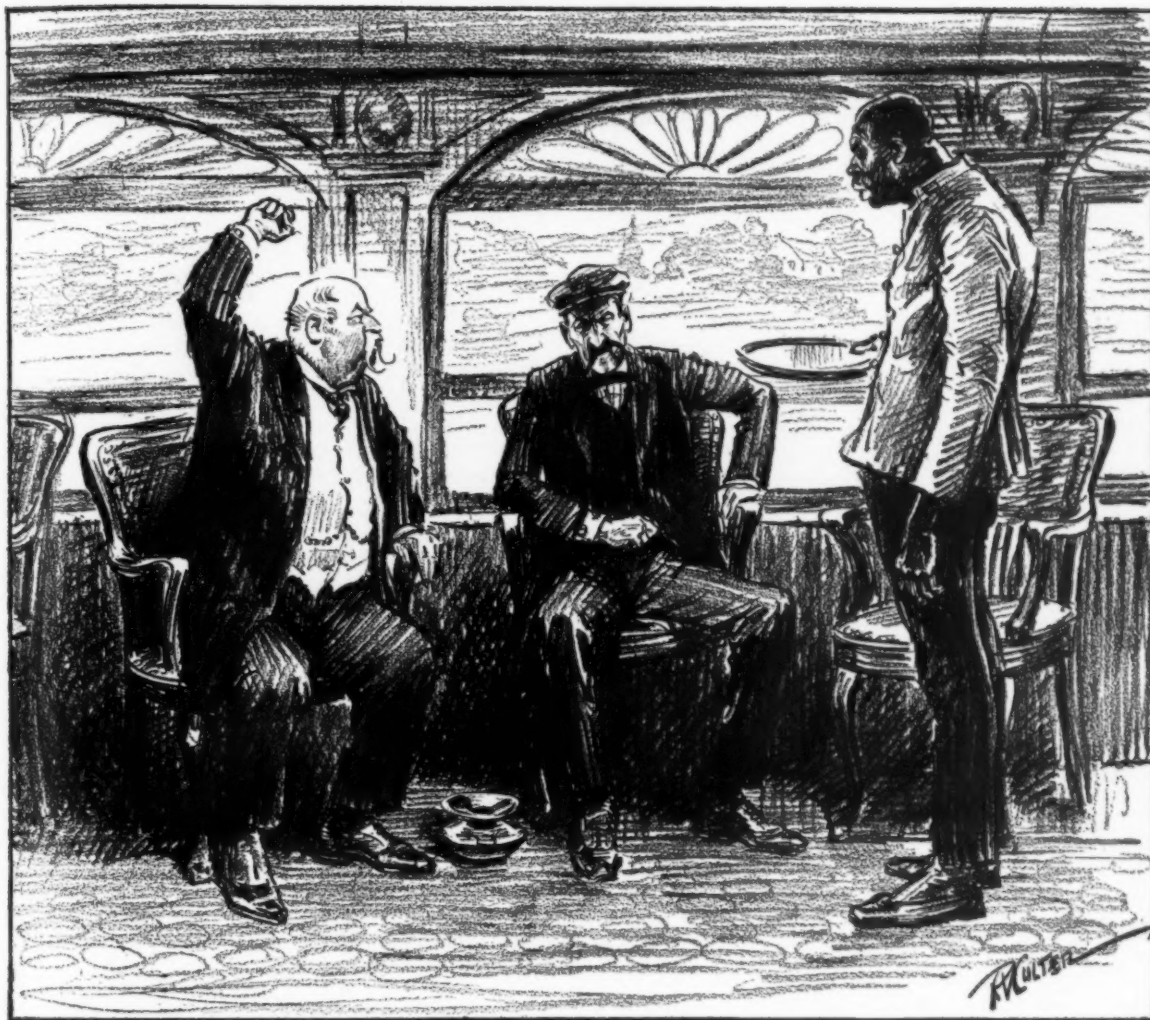
"One o'clock," he replied.

The car in front crawled ahead a

(Continued on page 26)



IN A MOMENT THE CAR WAS ABLAZE. MR. PIPP TURNED AWAY, MUTTERING.



THE GAY NINETIES

THE PORTER OF THE BUFFET CAR ON THE LIMITED HAS JUST INFORMED TWO CONVIVIAL PASSENGERS THAT THEY ARE TRAVELING THROUGH A "DRY" STATE AND HE WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO SERVE ANY MORE HARD DRINKS FOR FIFTY-THREE MINUTES. THE REMARKS OF THE TWO C. P.'S, WHEN EXPURGATED, ARE TO THE EFFECT THAT THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN ANY BLANKETY BLANK LAW CAN DICTATE TO A FREE CITIZEN OF THIS ENLIGHTENED COUNTRY WHAT HE CAN OR CANNOT DRINK—ETC., ETC.

From the Manner House, Forest of Arlen

SOME people love the sons of toil,
The workers of the world, the masses.
From all such persons I recoil,
For I prefer the upper classes.

Some praise the virtues of the poor,
And even go to Europe steerage.
Well, they can have the herd, I'm sure;
Give me the dear, decadent peerage.

Lois Whitcomb.

SALES MANAGER: Did you get the order?

SALESMAN: No; but I saw his fountain pen!

Fear the Law

FOR murder by shooting....Thirty days' imprisonment.
For murder with axe.....Stern reprimand.
For murder by poison.....Defendant declared insane
and released.
For burglary.....Seizure of stolen goods.
For auto theft.....Apology to owner demanded.
For parking over one hour....Death by hanging.
For going thirty-five miles an
hourCar confiscated.
For ignoring Stop signals....Life imprisonment.
For believing in Evolution....Five thousand dollars fine.
For taking a drink.....Five years. *L. M. C.*

Life



Lines

CRIMINALITY is merely a form of sickness, according to a Chicago jurist, and some of the people who make their own illicit gin aren't feeling any too well, either.

—

"I never read," declares State Senator WALKER, Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York, who thereby identifies himself as a patron of the tabloid newspapers.

—

A non-reading politician is no novelty, if one may judge by the number of official statements which start, "It has been drawn to my attention..."

—

A savant in Germany now claims that worms sing jazz. Our sympathies, henceforth, will be with the early birds.

—

Ambassador HERRICK wants the United States to buy an office building in Paris. It will provide, presumably, a bureau wherein wives may check their husbands while they go shopping for divorces.

—

Brave little Belgium thinks it a good joke that any European nation should be expected to square its war indebtedness with the United States. The idea being, we take it, to laugh it off.

—

"We shall hear much of Africa in the next twenty-five years," predicted a speaker at the conference at Williamstown, Mass., thereby confirming the impression that Africa is one continent which doesn't owe us any money.

—

MUSTAPHA KEMAL'S recently divorced wife announces, "I shall continue to fight for my sex."

Which probably inspires KEMAL to murmur, slyly, "But not with me."

A dark and ominous warning, issued by the Rev. J. FRANK NORRIS (the "Texas Cyclone"), contains this prediction: "In the twinkling of an eye, Manhattan could be turned into a heap of rubbish, and Brooklyn changed back into a dismal swamp."

There are quite a few intelligent people, however, who feel that this was accomplished many years ago.

—

Chicago bankers have offered \$2,500 for every bank bandit killed, and we

are trying to figure out where they're going to get all the money.

—

A Danish scientist has discovered that sciatica is not what you think it is. But then, labels don't mean anything in these Prohibition days.

—

Republican leaders are asking the President to take action which will add forty-eight new members to the House of Representatives.

If each of these forty-eight new members contributes his share of legislation in a satisfactory manner, we should be able to make good on the slogan, "One Hundred Million Laws by 1930."

—

Under present conditions, there aren't quite enough laws to go 'round. With the result that many American citizens, unable to find laws in their own country, have to go abroad and break some one else's.

Small wonder that there is a demand in Washington to speed up production.

—

If the present legislative lethargy is allowed to continue, one of these days Congress will have to be taken over by HENRY FORD.

—

A radio expert says that sets will soon be installed in automobiles. Then Mother, instead of driving the car from the back seat, can drive it from the front porch.

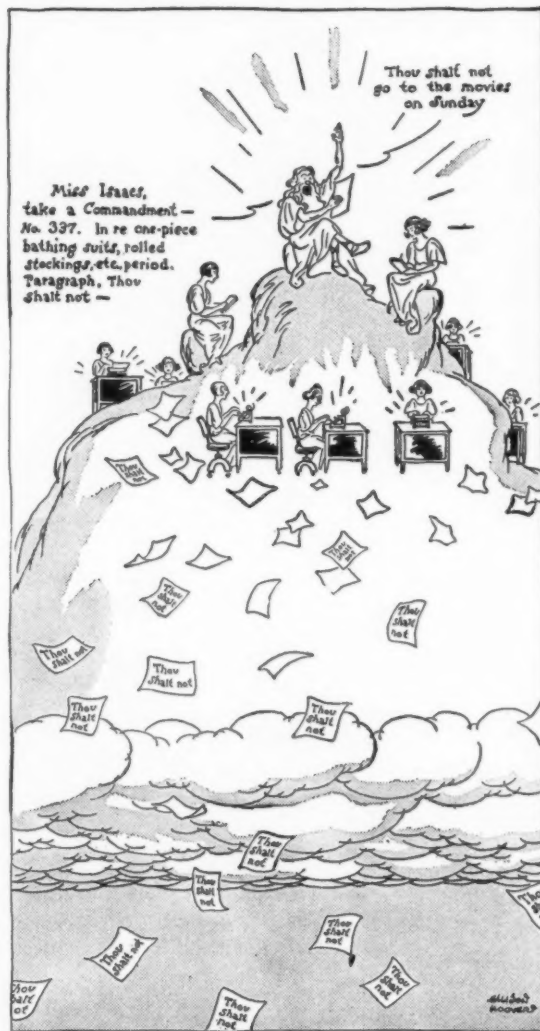
—

Rear Admiral HUSE, retired, is greatly surprised to observe that "ridicule aimed at the policy of the United States has provoked laughter and applause."

Thanks, Admiral, for the ad.

—

New Jersey complains that garbage from New York drifts in to its shore, but theatrical producers will continue to try out new plays in Atlantic City just the same.



IF MOSES HAD MADE AS MANY LAWS AS ARE MADE TO-DAY.



He: I JUST GOT A SET OF BALLOON TIRES.

She (eagerly): WHY, GEORGE, I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD A BALLOON.

Raising Cane

AS a rule I have tried not to carry a cane. I mean, things are bad enough while I am wearing out my birthday neckties without adding injury to insult. Only, it happened yesterday Bill left his stick behind, and, of course, the only decent thing to do was to take it back to him.

There are several ways to carry a cane, besides sending it parcels post. You may link it over your arm, as if you were escorting it in to dinner; you may tap with it ahead of you, and now and then take off your hat for pennies; or else, if you wear lemon spats and your middle name is Vetch, you may stride up Fifth Avenue swinging it in a little arc and touching it to the pavement brightly every fourth step. That was what I did, among other things.

I must have got into the rhythm of the thing, or it may have been the fashion maga-

zines I had picked up in barber shops; but I had no sooner taken to swinging it that way than I experienced the irresistible impulse to hail something. There was the cane in my hand, and there was a taxi; and before I could control myself I had swung the stick jauntily and said: "Hi!" Two blocks later I crawled out and paid the driver.

It was no use. Half a block, and I had hailed a bus. I got down, and then promptly hailed another taxi. I

hailed forty-seven taxis in the course of the afternoon, as well as eighteen buses, two hacks and sixty fellows-well-met. I spent my last bill to hail a messenger.

"Take this cane," I choked; "take it to Bill."

"What cane?" he asked.

"This cane right here," I said, extending my hand.

"You haven't got any cane in your hand," he said slowly.

It was true. I didn't have any cane. I had left it in the first taxi I hailed. That is why I think there's something psychological about carrying a cane, after all.

Corey Ford.

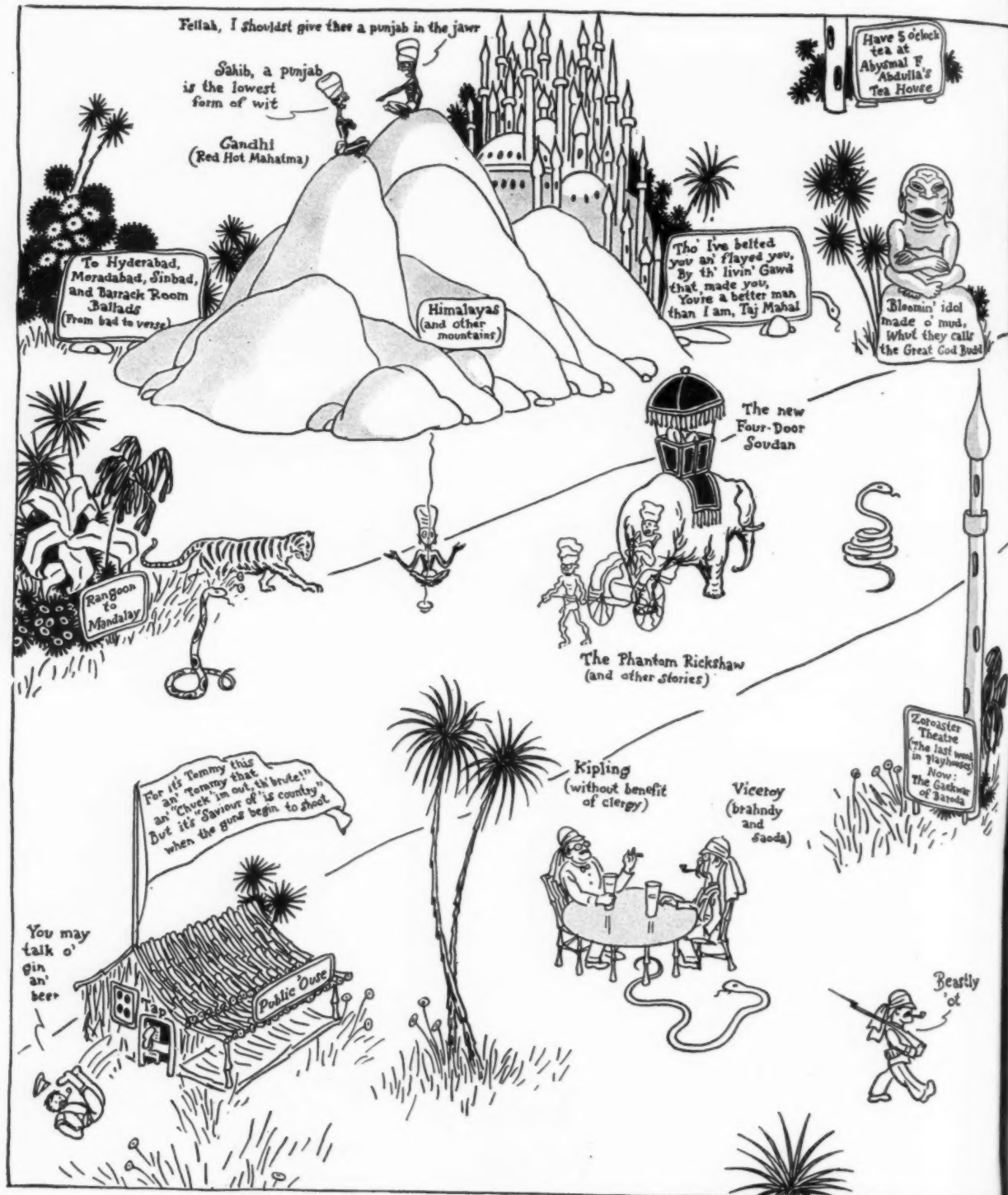
The Very Place

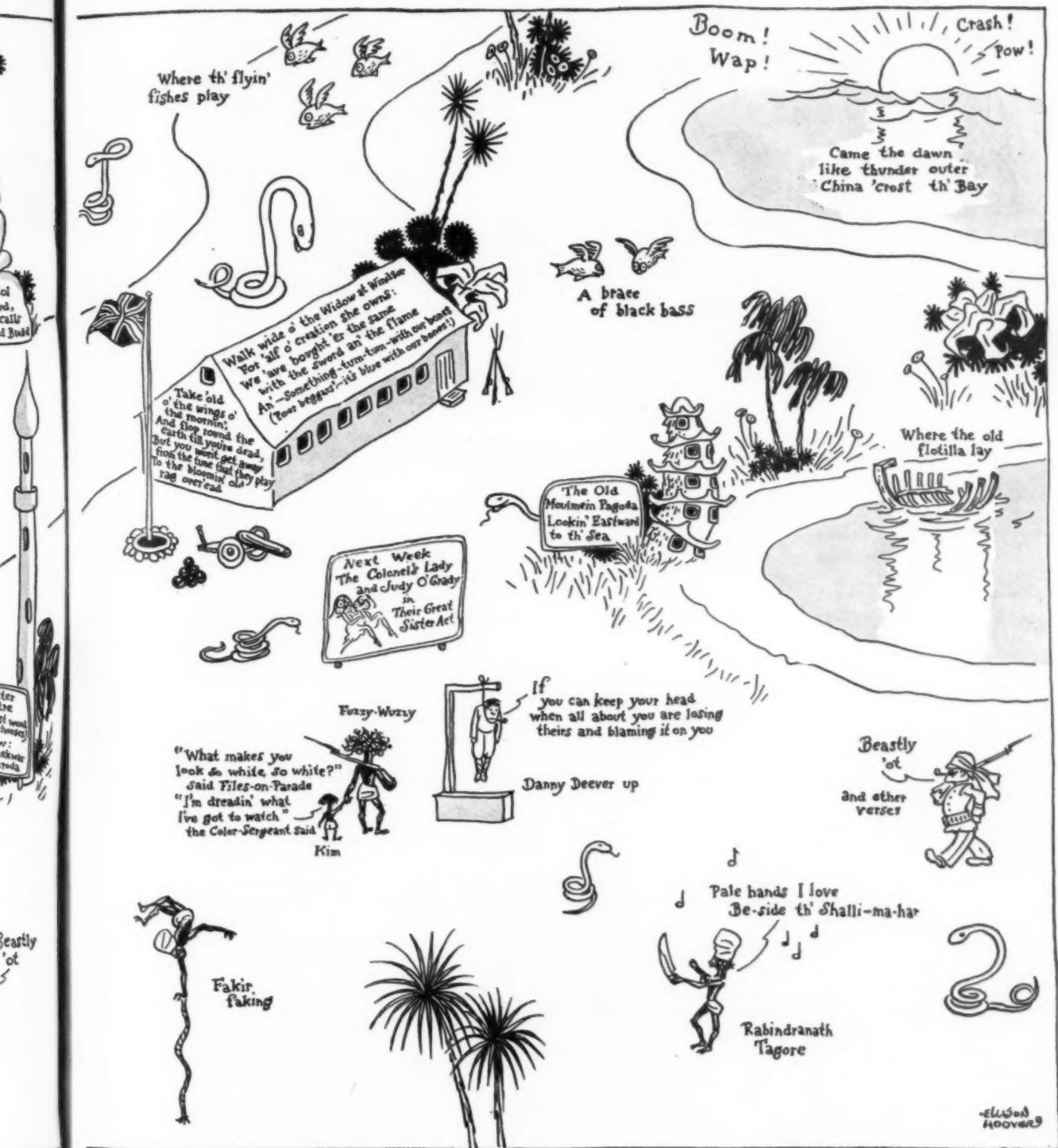
MADGE: I've a dreadful cough.

MARJORIE: So have I. Let's go to the theatre.



A WATER HAZARD





By One Who Has Never Been There



DEMONSTRATING WHAT SWIMMING CAN DO FOR THE FIGURE

When Greeks Meet

IT seems there were a couple of Go-Getters who met in the smoking compartment of a train—

FIRST GO-GETTER (*slapping back*): Well, well, well. I *certainly* am glad to see you!

SECOND GO-GETTER (*returning blow*): Well, well, well. How's things? All right, huh? Thass good.

F. G. G.: Pretty good by me. How's things? All right, huh?

S. G. G.: Can't complain. Well, well, well. I *certainly* am glad to see you. What's new, huh?

F. G. G.: Can't complain. Well, well, well. Still with the Little Giant Noiseless Firecracker people?

S. G. G.: No. Pulled outta there. Couldn't get co-operation, see? Know what I mean? Co-operation. Couldn't seem to get it. I walked right into the Big Boss's office and I said, "J. M.," I said, "I gotta have more co-operation around here. What this company needs is more co-operation around here," I said. Well, sir, I could see I had him hanging on the ropes. He always liked a feller to be right up on your toes. "I check with you," he said. Yes, sir—"I check with you." But I

couldn't seem to get the co-operation I was looking for, so I pulled out and went with the Big Giant Extra-Noisy Firecracker folks. You gotta have co-operation to get anywheres.

F. G. G.: Yeah. You gotta have co-operation. Now, me, I always get good co-operation. A high-power man's gotta have good co-operation. Now, f'rinstance, the Big Boss called me in the other day and in that way he has, you know what I mean, he said, "F. G.," he said, "there's an old bird over to the

Double-Riveted Underwear Corporation that's all set to buy a bill of goods. All you gotta do is walk over and get his John Hancock on the dotted line." Well, sir, I walked right into that old bird's office. I pulled the psychology stuff, you know what I mean, asking him how his golf was, and was it hot enough for him, and by Golly, before I pulled the old dotted line on him I had him so sold on my personality that he said, "Lessee that contract, young feller," and I got his John Hancock right where it'd do the most good!

S. G. G.: Yeah. You gotta have co-operation. High-calibre men gotta have good co-operation. That reminds me of a "good one"...It seems there were a couple of Go-Getters who met in the smoking compartment of a train...ad lib.

Sterling Patterson.

Stripped the Padding

BLACKSTONE: What did that last editor think of your short story, old man?

SCRIBBLUR (*indignantly*): He took it for a joke!

MOST corporation publicity men are suppress agents.



"POOR FELLOW! HE MUST HAVE LOST HIS DOG!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August
27th

Lay late, reading in the public prints, dwelling specially on the departments devoted to the care of the body, and why I, who am one of the healthiest women extant, should waste my time on such rubbish I know not, yet I do find fascination in reading about strange women in the Bronx who have had such and such symptoms, etc. Did up the magazines, too, and coming upon an article by Rupert Hughes about pet economies and their folly, I did call in my servant Florence and demand that she straightway cast out all the empty pasteboard boxes which she could find on the premises, my penchant for retaining them against a need which never arises having deprived me of much space which could be better employed. My other phobia in this connection is a waiting taxicab, whether or not I am paying for it, for if a guest do but tell me that he hath a cab below, I am at some pains to make conversation with him....To tea at the Biltmore with Georgie Richardson of Chicago and her father Mr. Samuel Walker, who is just back from Europe, and never did I see such an assortment of desirable and luxurious finery as he brought back by way of presents to his friends, and he did give me a gold atomizer for my pocket-book which delights me extremely. He showed me, too, a picture of Jacob's Well, which he had visited in Palestine, and when I laughed at his having mixed highballs with some of its water, he gave me some of the latter in a small sealed bottle....Ted Aiken with us for dinner, and during the evening I did shudder two or three times, causing him to remark that somebody was walking over my grave. Her frequency at that recently, quoth Sam, convinces me that she is going to be buried in Times Square.

August
28th

All the morning gone in the shops since I could delay getting some of the necessities of life no longer, and I was so exhausted when I reached



"GOIN' T' TH' BOOSTERS' MEETIN' T'NIGHT, JAPHEZ?"
"NOPE. AIN'T GOIN'. DON'T B' LIEVE IN IT. THIS TOWN OWES ME ENOUGH NOW, 'THOUT IT GITTIN' NO BIGGER!"

Stern's to see about my sables that my speech became twisted and I did ask the lift boy, What floor flurs? whereto he responded, Flifith. And Samuel, when I told him, did state that a youth of such conversational readiness would do better for himself and others in a law office than on an elevator, and I do believe he means to look him up and employ him, and if he do, I daresay I shall now and then have something amusing to put in my journal. For aught we know, this may be a turning point in that lad's life, and how surprised he will be in after years to ponder how it came about through a tired woman's *lapseus lingua*, but when I did say as much to Sam, he quoth, Lord! I do but put this boy on our gate, and you future him amongst sunken gardens and safety vaults. Why waste such material on me when the *Saturday Evening Post* will pay you money for it?...Dined this night with the Bannings, and then fell to cards, a curious thing happening during the play in that a rank mistake on Edith's part actually did keep us from going rubber. As Janie Duff used to say, it's very trying when your opponents' stupid playing turns out to their advantage.

Baird Leonard.



Wife: WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING IN THAT SUIT OF MINE?
Husband: WELL, I WANT A HAIRCUT AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I'LL GET IT, IN THAT CROWDED BARBER SHOP.



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IN the matter of the foreign debts, the standard of settlement is that made with England. The Debt Commission is authorized by Congress to settle with the other debtors, or any of them, on that basis and Congress has not empowered it to give more favorable terms.

Because of promises made at Versailles to Belgium in which Mr. Wilson joined, Belgium filed a claim to easier terms than England got. It was respectfully considered and affected the settlement recommended by the Commissioners and approved by the President.

Doubtless Italy and France will try for terms as good as Belgium got, but the special reasons for letting up on Belgium do not apply to these other countries, since not to either of them was made what the Philadelphia-in-New York *Evening Post* amiably describes as "the repudiated and disavowed Wilson pledge." That pledge, be it noticed, so scornfully rejected by the *Evening Post*, is felt by the Commissioners and by President Coolidge to carry a moral obligation, and because of it they recommend that the pre-armistice debt of Belgium to the United States, amounting to \$171,780,000, shall carry no interest, but shall be paid in annual instalments in the course of sixty-two years. The Commissioners and the President hope that Congress will endorse this arrangement. The balance of the half-billion or so that Belgium owes us is to be paid on the terms given to Great Britain.

THESE foreign debts have got to be worked out on some basis or other, and efforts to do it are all to the good, and should be helpful to the peace of

Europe and to economic reconstruction. But as for getting the money they will call for, that is another matter and one affected by grave uncertainties. If those countries are to pay back to the United States by moderate payments over a long term of years the huge sums they owe it, there must be a long period of freedom from great international disturbances in which these debtor countries are mixed up. The world will have to keep quiet if all the necessary manufacturing and trading and transportation is to go on smoothly. But that the world will keep quiet enough for all these transactions to prosper is something that lies very much on the knees of the gods. Nobody can tell very much about that, so the Debt Commissioners are really working for the immediate present. Their job is to perfect a plan that will stabilize business now and next year and the year after and as long as possible, and all the fuses that are burning and all the explosives and combustibles that are liable to go off should not divert them from their useful labors. It will be highly advantageous to settle the finances of the countries of western Europe even if nothing more. It is not from them that the next disturbance is to be looked for, but from eastern Europe and Asia.



INQUIRY is becoming more and more urgent about the youths of twenty years or thereabouts and why they are so exceptionally unruly and commit so large a proportion of the crimes of violence

that are the scandal of the time. Look in any newspaper at the murders and hold-ups overnight and see what proportion of them are done by young fellows of the ages between nineteen and twenty-three. One hears that the youth of these times no longer respects its elders, nor the old estimates of right and wrong; that it feels that the religion of its fathers can no longer deliver the goods—that it is ineffective, and that the distinctions between good and evil which its representatives make are not true. In these times there seem to be no standards of conduct of which these unruly and highly progressive young people feel the pressure and restraint. The old hand-holds, some one says, are rotten, the new ones have not been forged.

That means that we, too, are passing through a revolution, and of course that is not a comfortable condition, albeit highly instructive and as interesting as a dog fight, which, as is well known, will always draw the crowd away from oratory.



AS for the girls, the older generation does not know much about them, and when some unusual incident makes a Nineteenth Century man suddenly aware of the true inwardness of a Twentieth Century girl his head is liable to be blown off by the shock.

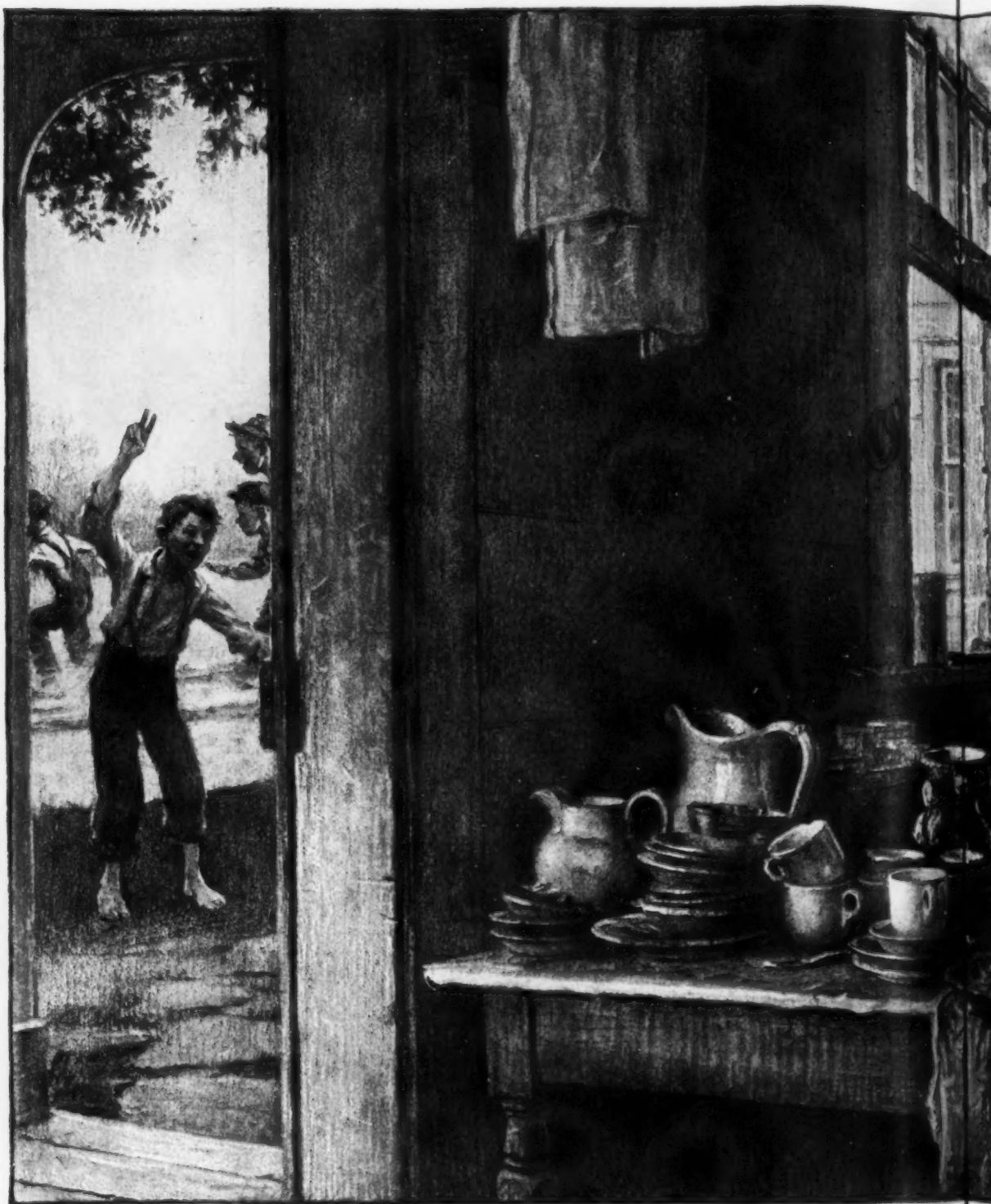
Nevertheless, not all our youths are nuts nor all our girls hussies. One observes that the good ones are very good, that a large proportion of marriages still hold, that many children are still raised and very well raised, and that as a rule it is the worst and not the best of what goes on that gets into the headlines of the papers.

MR. O. J. GUDE has died in Germany, sixty-three years old, after a long illness. Mr. Gude's job on earth was mainly the defacement of the landscape and the general impairment of beauty by advertising signs. One wonders what sort of employment he will find for himself in the *au de la*. There must be regions there adorned to suit his taste, but one hardly thinks of them as abodes of the blest.

E. S. Martin.



WHERE TO BEGIN?







The Overture Is On!

THE first few weeks of the season 1925-'26 washed up some terrible plays on the beach along Broadway. At least two of them have already gone bye-bye; so it would be unnecessarily harrowing to go into their cases now, especially as the co-author of one of them (a producer who shall be nameless except to say that the Selwyn Theatre was named for him) sent out a disarming apology to the press on the occasion of its withdrawal. By so doing he spoiled a terribly funny paragraph we had all ready to run on this page.

Up until five o'clock Thursday, however, "The Little Poor Man" and "A Lucky Break" were still running, and nobody had apologized for them. In fact, the management and friends of "The Little Poor Man" have waxed quite snooty over the indifference of the press to this play, which won the prize offered by *Liberty* or some such prize-offering organization for the best poetic drama to be written with a 1905 model Smith Premier invisible typewriter. "The Little Poor Man" may very well be the best poetic drama in the world. But what has that to do with its being even tolerable entertainment? In case you haven't anything better to do than ask questions about it, we will divulge the facts that it deals with the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and has a cast of twenty-nine (all members of the Junior Class), and that we counted eight men with long black beards in the audience at the opening. We figure it out that the Bide-a-Wee Home is behind the whole thing.



BEHIND "A Lucky Break" are years and years of practice. It ought to be good by now. It has everything, from the rich man who comes back to his old home town and pretends to have lost all his money, just to test the friendship of his old buddies, to the old Yankee skinflint in a crash suit whose hands are all out of shape from holding mortgages. Mr. George MacFarlane, as the rich native son, is the kind of hail-fellow-well-met who says heartily, "I'm as hard-boiled as a twelve-minute door-knob," and there are three moments of breathless interest in the play (one in each act) when author, cast, and audience all work together to drag the dialogue around to song-cues sufficiently provocative to excuse the introduction of vocal selections by the star. One of them necessitates the carrying of an ice-cream freezer into the hotel lobby on the pretext that "all the best families freeze their ice-cream in the front of the house," so that Mr. MacFarlane can grind it and sing a song entitled, "When the Hurdy-

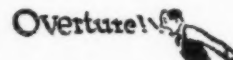
Gurdy Plays." We dare the author to ring in another song about an Estey House Organ.



"IT ALL DEPENDS" has the distinct advantages of having Miss Katherine Alexander in the cast and dialogue which, while not exactly pioneer, runs along without much attempt to be bright. But as we have taken a great big vow never to pay any more attention to plays in which the Younger Generation is held up to shame, especially by a long-suffering mother (and this mother is made slightly lame!), we can't do much more in behalf of "It All Depends."



GRADUALLY (very gradually) working into the class of "not so bad," we come to "The Family Upstairs." This is a very simple and unpretentious comedy of ultra-middle-class home life, sketched in wide, charcoal strokes and unmistakably acted. It begins with the family dinner being served in the living-room and ends with the young brother being sent back to the store to return a bottle of olives and, in the meantime, tells with considerable emphasis of the damage done by a managing mamma. It is the kind of play which the critics smile at indulgently and which the public is quite likely to love. For, after all, it makes its point.



WITH the exception of a detached bit of sex-play in the shape of a last act, "Spring Fever" is very amusing light stuff, especially for golfers. James Rennie is in excellent form (we still hope for a chance to see him play "Liliom") and the whole thing shows Vincent Lawrence's unquestionable facility in the handling of pleasant conversation. In common with most plays, however, we find here the thesis that the hero is always to be considered a lucky dog to win the leading lady in the end, regardless of the fact that throughout the play she has been shown to be a highly undesirable young lady. (No personal reflection on Miss Marion Coakley, who gives the spoiled daughter much more than an even break.) The idea always seems to be that so long as the two leading characters are joined in some sort of union at the final curtain, the hero's regrets the next day or next year are nobody's business.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Aloma of the South Seas. *Lyric*—Love-making considerably below the Equator.

Desire Under the Elms. *Cohan's*—Eugene O'Neill's drama of New England sex life, made popular by the censors' threat last season.

The Dove. *Empire*—Resumption of the run of a Mexican play much like many other Mexican plays, even to Holbrook Blinn.

It All Depends. *Vanderbilt*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Little Poor Man. *Princess*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Mud Turtle. *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.

The Sea Woman. *Little*—To be reviewed later.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord, Leo Carrillo and Glenn Anders in a prize play which is nevertheless worth seeing.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—Last week of the war play which made last season notable.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Goody, goody, a new season!

The Bride Retires. *National*—Guess for yourself.

The Enchanted April. *Morosco*—To be reviewed later.

The Family Upstairs. *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Five O'Clock Man. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

The Gorilla. *Schwyn*—Burlesque melodrama and pretty funny, too.

Is Zat So? *Chapin's*—One of last season's comedy hits, still going strong.

A Lucky Break. *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Poor Nut. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Collegiate athletics and considerable hearty amusement.

Spring Fever. *Marine Elliott's*—Reviewed in this issue.

White Collars. *Sam H. Harris*—Extra-middle-class home comedy, based on a good idea only moderately well turned out.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Several thousand miles ahead of its predecessors, in addition to having the Hoffmann girls and Phil Baker.

Big Boy. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Al Jolson is himself again.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—Very nice indeed.

Gay Paree. *Shubert*—To be reviewed later.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Don't trust to luck and wait till you get to Grand Street before buying your seats. It's a long way back to another theatre.

June Days. *Astor*—A moderately successful musical version of "The Charm School," with Elizabeth Hines.

Kosher Kitty Kelly. *Times Square*—Some one connected with this must have heard about "Abie's Irish Rose."

Lady, Be Good. *Liberty*—Proving that you can't close a good show down.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol in something good to look at.

Oh! Mama. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed later.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Don't be silly, you've seen it.

Scandals of 1925. *Apollo*—Mr. White is still an excellent picker.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's*—For those who like good singing.

Vanities of 1925. *Earl Carroll*—Another in the Earl Carroll series, with Julius Tannen to steer it.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Until we know whether W. C. Fields is still in it, we can't say just what kind of show it is.



"OH, MRS. MONK, DID YOU KNOW WE ARE NOW NEIGHBORS?"

"REALLY? HOW NICE."

"YES, MR. HIPPO AND I AND THE LITTLE ONES MOVED INTO THE VACANT FLAT ABOVE YOU THIS MORNING."



Palmist: YOUNG LADY, YOU HAVE A VERY BAD PAST AHEAD OF YOU.

The Poet Eats a Tin of Sardines

THE Poet lifted a fork to pick the oily minnows out of the tin, and paused. An expression of tenderness filmed his eyes.

Side by side, immured together like the tragic Rhadames and Aïda, lay a large sardine and a small one. The large one's flank glistened with burnished silver mail; his streamlines were those of young and confident health, and their refinement reflected a noble *je ne sais quoi* that set him above his fellows. The small one nestled against him; she was the piscine personification of suppleness and grace and that subtle *je ne sais quoi* which is the essence of the charm intangible.

How sportive this happy pair must have been beneath the ultra-blue of the Mediterranean, thought the Poet. How idyllic their companionship! How poetic that this Paul and this Virginia should lie embalmed in the oil of the olive that grew on fair Italia's slopes, but how sad they had died, and how crass—how unpardonable!—that their tomb should bear the legend, Compact Brand Sardines.

The Poet laid them carefully side by side between two slices of rye bread, and bit.

"All life is like that," he sighed.

H. V. B.

To Kneecap the Climax

(Painted pictures on such feminine knees as may be exposed by rolled stockings and perverse winds are advocated by Chicago beauty specialists.)

THE knees of my Gertrude are printed,
They tell me, a light navy blue,
While Edith's, it's hinted, are tinted
A sort of pale heliotrope hue.
The knees of Priscilla are yellow,
While Pearl's are two colors combined—
And believe me, it's tough on a fellow
Who always has been color-blind!

The kneecaps of Fannie are stenciled
With generous splashes of green,
And those of my Annie are penciled
(They whisper) in aquamarine.
They tell me they used pink on Mabel,
While Susan in purple is smart;
And shucks—now I'll never be able
To tell all my sweethearts apart!

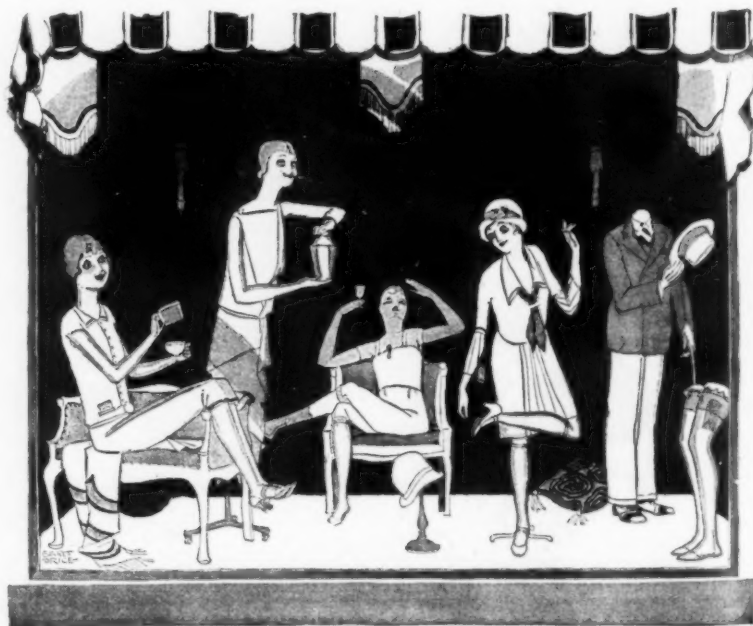
Arthur L. Lippmann.

Nubbville Spark

TITE YODER, our marshal, has announced his intentions of entering the footrace in the coming Grand Fall Festival, and ev'rybody in Nubbville is wonderin' how he will look in a hurry.

"THERE'S a new one-thousand-dollar counterfeit bill out."

"Watch your change when you buy theatre tickets."

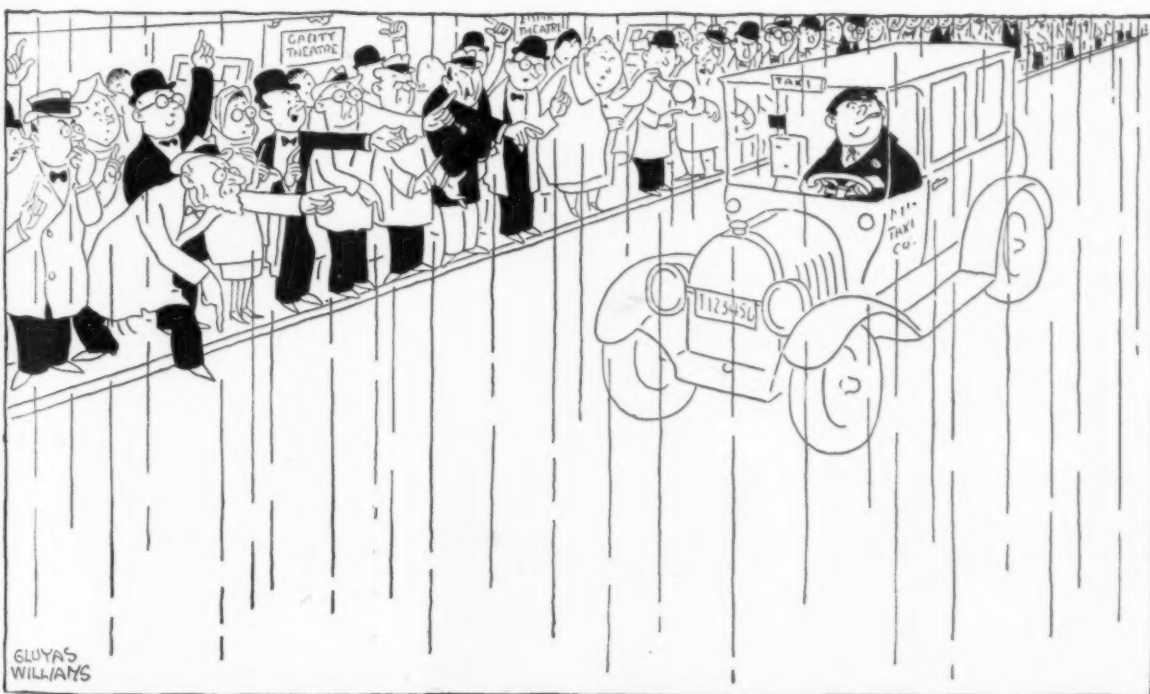


SUGGESTION—WHY NOT MODERNIZE THE WINDOWS OF STORES SELLING MISSES' WEARING APPAREL?

Tit



for



Tat

GLUYAS
WILLIAMS



BEFORE I started writing this department, I decided to take a hasty look at some of the books which had come in most recently. It was my misfortune rather than my fault that I picked up first "The Great Van Suttart Mystery," by George Agnew Chamberlain (Putnam), because I could not put it down until I had learned how it all came out, so here I am with the depart-

ment due in exactly an hour, which metaphorically means that I shall have to run every step of the way to the office with it. And even now I don't exactly know what *William Van Suttart* and his father were doing poking about that hole in Hague Street the day the earth caved in and buried—but no, that's not fair. To give Mr. Chamberlain's plot away would be a rank in-

justice, considering the tangled web he has woven so delightfully to deceive us. The character of *Miad Blake* alone is a rare achievement for a book of this sort, and the weird doings in the old taxidermist's shop are also a shade above the usual thing provided as backgrounds for mystery yarns. And speaking of mystery, whilst I was racing along through that of the *Van Suttarts*, I was constantly conscious that the style reminded me in *ex cathedra* spots of some other author's. And who do you think that other author was? Thomas De Quincey, whom, it now occurs to me suddenly, George Meredith probably read.

THE jacket on "The Monkey Puzzle" (Bobbs-Merrill) states that J. D. Beresford is known as the foremost modern psychological novelist, and that's all right with me, because I happen to live in New York. It is also true, as the same jacket states, that here in America Mr. Beresford has followers who watch for his novels as eagerly as crowds watch for the liner to dock. (That may be putting it a little strongly, but when you are in as much of a hurry as I am, it's always easier to quote your similes, even if they are hyperbolic.) But in spite of Mr. Beresford's notable literary success, I have never seen anything in his works to convince me that he was justified in abandoning his former profession of architecture.

Harsh words, those, but just read "The Monkey Puzzle," for instance, and see if you don't find yourself a little frazzled by the experience. A trifle light as air, of course, and meant, probably, as nothing more than a few hours' mitigation against the asperities of life. The theme is the evil which village gossip can work against broad-minded, sensitive souls. But even though I hold no brief for village gossips or prying vicars, I don't think the squire's wife should kiss the cottager in the broad moonlight and expect to get away with it. That the squire himself should take the news so casually and not give his *Brenda* the occasional

(Continued on page 31)



"MOTHER, HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW PRETTY I'M GETTING TO BE?"

My Dog

HE'S my dog—
Four legs and a tail,
A reckless vagabond out of jail.
Just a lot of dog, no pedigree,
All kinds of branches on his family tree.
Shoebutton eyes, nose too long;
Makes your head ache when he sings his song.
His legs are gangly, he has knock-knees,
Tears up slippers, and harbors fleas.
Wild and woolly, likes to run away,
Knocks you down when he wants to play.
Is fond of "rassling" with gloves and hats,
Tears up flowerbeds and chases cats.
Sleeps all day, eats like a hog,
Absolutely worthless—but,
He's my dog!

George Burton.

Odd Characters, Husbands!

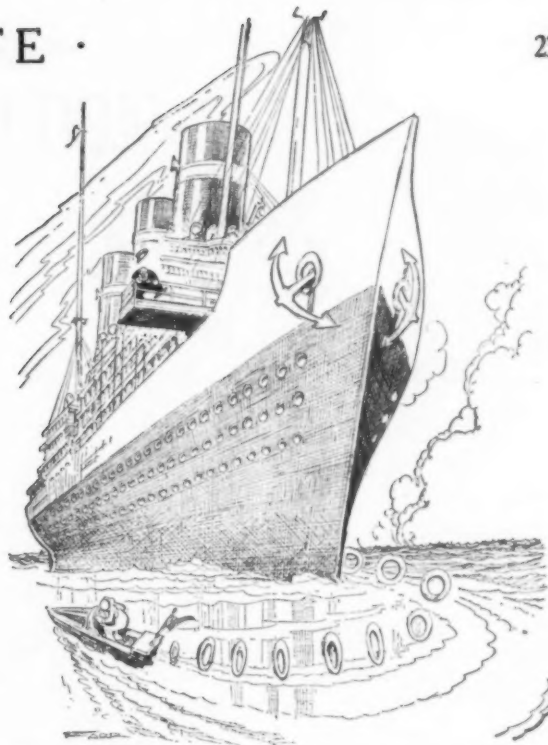
MRS. BIGGS: Husbands are certainly odd, aren't they?
MRS. DIGGS: Yes, indeed. Mine gets mad every holiday because I make him go out to enjoy life.



"LARGE AND AIRY"

Week-Ending Husband: WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN, DARLING?

Summer-Boarding Wife: OH, FOR COMFORT'S SAKE I DECIDED TO KEEP ALL OF MY CLOTHES IN THE ROOM AND LIVE IN THE TRUNK.



"HEY, YOU BIG STIFF, WHY DON'T YOU WATCH OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"

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(Continued on page 29)



"The Phantom of the Opera"

THE work of reconstructing France has gone on in Universal City at a prodigious rate. Two years ago, a considerable portion of Paris was rebuilt for use in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and now the remaining districts of that celebrated city are added in "The Phantom of the Opera."

If Carl Laemmle had only expended his vast resources on the devastated areas in France itself instead of in southern California, there would be no traces of the Great War left.

"THE Phantom of the Opera" is not nearly so magnificent in scale, nor so stirring in theme, as "The Hunchback"—but as represented on the screen it is a more consistently thrilling story. It is spook melodrama at its wildest and weirdest, and it is beautifully done.

The scene, as one might surmise, is the Paris Opera House, and the principal character a shadow who doesn't turn out to be Lon Chaney until the story is almost over. This strange phantom is employed as a threat, and a darned potent threat he is, too; he terrorizes the opera house from property room to gallery, and maintains an exceedingly taut state of suspense. When he finally emerges from the shadows, the initial strain breaks, and the story develops into an orgy of wild, blood-curdling action.

Rupert Julian's direction of "The Phantom of the Opera" is excellent; he has emphasized his pictures rather than his drama, and has thus achieved an

optical illusion which could never have been gained by any direct appeal to the intelligence.

The acting, though undistinguished, is appropriate to the general tub-thumper quality of the story. In other words, it is of the variety that is usually known as "ham."

"The Home Maker"

A WISE-CRACKING critic like the undersigned would be sorely tempted to kid "The Home Maker" were it not for the fact that this extremely faulty picture is directed and played with a genuine and utterly commendable attempt at sincerity.

It is a story which belongs within the covers of a book and I doubt whether any one in this country could convert it into legitimate drama on the screen. Certainly not its present director, King Baggot, who is noted principally for such productions as "Human Hearts" and "The Kentucky Derby."

"The Home Maker" tells of a wife whose logical place is in the world of affairs, and of a husband whose place is in the home. They eke out their misfit existence, subsisting on the incompetent husband's small salary, until he deliberately cripples himself and compels his wife to go forth and earn the daily rations.

Alice Joyce, as the wife, and Clive Brook, as the husband, are both good, and there is an amazing performance by a small child named Billy Kent Schaeffer.

There is some baby-talk in the subtitles that causes cold shivers of embarrassment to gallop painfully up and down the spine.

"The Trouble with Wives"

WHEN I reviewed "Are Friends People?" I set up a few cheers for the director, Malcolm St. Clair, and these are renewed now that I have seen his latest effort, "The Trouble with Wives."

Mr. St. Clair is by all odds the most promising of the radical school of directors that has arisen since Charlie Chaplin broke new ground in "A Woman of Paris." He has graduated from the comedy studios, where real moving pictures are made, and he understands the art in which he is working. There are scenes in "The Trouble with Wives" that sparkle with brilliance—scenes that are not dependent on written words or photographic tricks or any of the hokum forms which constitute the major part of every director's technical equipment.

The acting, by Tom Moore, Florence Vidor and Ford Sterling, is worthy of the expert direction.

"The Gold Rush"

I SHALL not try to review Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "The Gold Rush," until I have seen it seven or eight more times and regained some measure of critical balance. Just at present, having seen it but once, I am rendered practically speechless—and any moving picture actor who can do that to me is a positive genius and deserves to be encouraged. "The Gold Rush" will be considered at greater length in what the *Saturday Evening Post* calls "an early issue." R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)





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The Sunday Auto Ride

(Continued from page 6)

foot at a time. Mr. Pipp followed in a series of short, jerky jumps, finally reaching the turnpike, only to have the traffic cop blow his whistle and set his "Stop" signal against him at the very last second.

"He's a hot traffic cop," scoffed Pipp. "Sound asleep! Sound asleep!"

Presently the signal changed and Mr. Pipp shot his flivver into the turnpike, a little disturbed by the roar of so many cars at his right, left and rear. As a sedan swished by he could have sworn he heard his left rear fender struck. A sound of crumpling metal behind him on the right smote his ear. He leaned out, pop-eyed, to see where it came from and inadvertently veered his car to the left, where a front fender was hit and dented by a passing beach wagon.

It seemed to Amos he heard ten thousand horns blow.

"Amos!" cried Mrs. Pipp. "Look out where you're driving!"

"Damn it!" barked Mr. Pipp. "What happened?"

"You swerved over and that car bent your front fender."

"I thought somethin' hit us behind," said Pipp, looking extremely disturbed.

"So did I, Popper," chirped Patricia Pipp.

"Can't we stop and see?" asked Pipp.

"Not in this traffic," declared Mrs. Pipp with finality. "You'd better keep going straight ahead until we get out of this."

"Phew!" from Mr. Pipp.

The farther the Pipp family went the more densely surrounded by motor cars they became. The family began to feel hot, sticky, uncomfortable, irritable and mean. The next mile was negotiated in something like forty-five minutes flat.

"What time is it now, Popper?" asked Prunella.

Mr. Pipp looked at his watch.

"Two o'clock," he replied, blinking.

"Ain't we goin' to the beach to-day, Popper?" asked the Pipp infant.

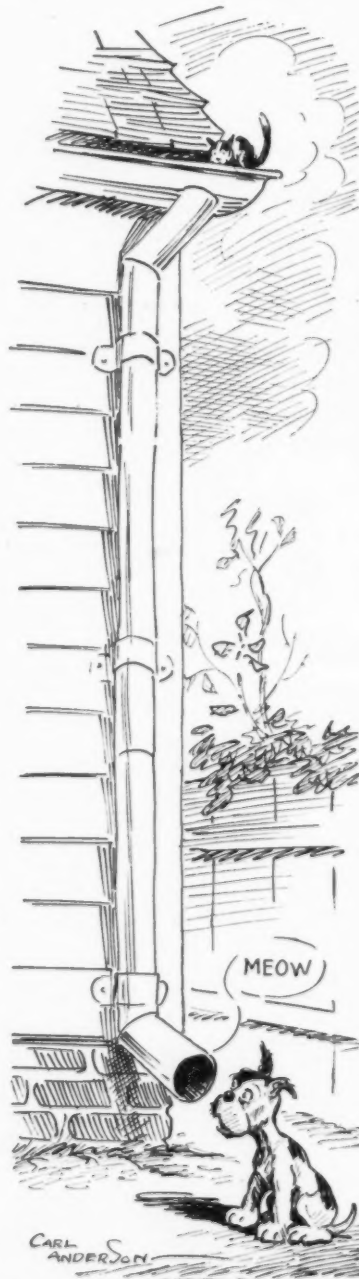
"Shut that kid's trap!" commanded Mr. Pipp, inadvertently swerving the car to the right as a limousine came abreast. There was a sound of crunching wood and snapping metal. The Pipp family felt themselves severely jolted. Mr. Pipp stepped on the brake.

A large man with a mustache that seemed to have a spread of at least

eighteen inches from tip to tip vaulted from the limousine and shook his fist at Mr. Pipp.

"Whotinellamattah?" he bellowed.

Something about the stranger's very manner made Mr. Pipp feel in the wrong. He made no answer.



Pipp: SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO INVEIGLE ME INTO A TRAP.

"It's fools like you that menace the lives of every decent man who operates a car on the highways," roared the limousine owner. "Why the devil the state licenses such idiots to drive is more than I can see."

"Listen," meekly blurted Amos.

"Speak up to him, Amos!" demanded Mrs. Pipp. "Why do you allow him to talk to you that way?"

"Fresh thing!" blurted Prunella Pipp, looking her haughtiest.

"Bah!" roared the stranger, jumping back into his limousine, drawing the front wheel out of the Pipp flivver's splintered running-board and going on his way before the Pipp family could survey the damage done to their new car and arrive at a proper sense of indignation.

"Get his number," cried Ma Pipp, gazing after the limousine as it rolled off in a whirl of dust.

"It was C-68701," chirped Patricia. "No, it was X-7705," insisted Prunella.

"I thought it had three 5's in it," said Mrs. Pipp.

A car behind gave the Pipp flivver a violent boost. The tooting grew louder; Mr. Pipp decided there was nothing to do but move, but he was very reluctant about it. He had an anarchistic look about the gills. Mrs. Pipp was breathing violently. The Pipp infant was crying.

Mr. Pipp stepped on the gas and made something like three miles an hour for a distance of about two hundred yards, when he ran into the traffic ahead again.

"Popper," whimpered the Pipp infant, "why don't we go to the beach?"

Amos turned and glared at the child. "What time is it now, Amos?" asked Mrs. Pipp in a wearied tone.

"Four o'clock," replied Amos.

"The tide'll be out," complained Prunella sadly.

Just beyond this there was another tie-up. When the Pipp family reached the next cross street they found a Detour sign closing the main turnpike and shunting traffic off into a narrow crossroad. For what seemed hours the boiling, smoking cavalcade of motor cars rumbled on. Motorcyclists with weird-looking young ladies in side cars squirmed in and out. Here and there a buttered-popcorn wagon drawn by a wilting horse threaded its way. The very atmosphere reeked with bad

(Continued on page 31)



FISHER BODIES



WHEN you hear it said that the Fisher Body Corporation is the world's largest body builder, please remember that its product is under the contract to a few motor car manufacturers.

Recall who these few are, and you will at once realize why Fisher bodies are far more famed for leadership in quality than for the greater number of bodies produced.



Automobiles with Bodies by Fisher represent every price class, but of all of them one general statement is undeniably true:

Cars with Fisher bodies are, without exception, known to the American public, and all over the world, as unmistakably the leaders in their various classes.

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It would be an amazing coincidence, if Fisher body "just happened" to be used by those motor car makers who have achieved pronounced and conspicuous success in their various fields—but chance has had nothing to do with it.

The same high standards which placed Fisher body users in positions of outstanding leadership, led them to select Fisher bodies in the first place.

On the other hand, the Fisher Body Corporation could not be serving these successful manufacturers today, did it not know that their cars are substantial, long-lived products, worthy of the Fisher bodies which so importantly increase their value and desirability.

Look for the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
Cleveland DETROIT St. Louis
Walkerville, Ont.



Sweet and Low, 1925

"I don't know what to do about our baby," said a modern young mother. "I can't get him to sleep because he tosses his head about so he shakes the radio head-sets right off his ears."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Headlines

The Old Copyreader had quit his job. He had become secretary to a business man. "Halt a bit," said the O. C. to a caller. "You can't see him now. He's in a parley."

—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

Voodoo!

"Can I see the doctor?"

"Which doctor?"

"Say—do you think I'm a heathen?"

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

EVERY poor, pitiful wide place in the road is "our progressive little city" to some loyal resident.—*Kansas City Star.*



FOR THE GAPERS

"LEAN ON ME, MARGUERITE, SO THEY CAN ALL SEE THAT THIS IS A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

MURDERER will out.

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*

No Hurry!

Two men had dined well. As a fact one had dined better than the other, and received an offer to be escorted home with delight. They went to his flat, and he handed the key to his more reliable friend. The friend turned it and twisted it in the lock, but could not open the door, and was afraid of disturbing the inmates of the other flats. Finally the key broke in the lock.

"What shall we do now?" said the friend.

"Oh, let them wait, damn them!" was the reply.

—*London Daily Express.*

Score One

A Chicago bridge player recently was dealt thirteen diamonds, bungled his bid and didn't get to play 'em. This is the first time in the recent history of Chicago when there was a legitimate excuse for a murder and none was committed.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FIRST CHICAGO GUNMAN: How's business?

SECOND CHICAGO GUNMAN: Rotten! I ain't made enough to-day to pay my alienist.—*Macon Daily Telegraph.*

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LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 23)

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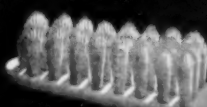
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—American Legion Weekly.



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Licker

(A Peruvian View)

One of the most strange things here [New York] is the national drink called "Licker." As I have for a long time known and as you also have perhaps heard maybe, there is here a law called "prohibition" which forbids that one sell whiskey or chicha or beer or wine and the only thing that is allowed to be sold is licker. Even about this they are very strict and it can be vended only by agents who are licensed by the policemen. These agents is called "bootleggers" and the govt. furnishes to them limousine automobiles to runaround and see you in and deliver there wheres. Licker costs from \$6. to \$8 per qt. depends on if the bootlegger conducts a Chevrolet or a Packard. The govt. is very afraid of rum and has send out the Navy to make battle to the rum-fleet because this would be competition with home industry and might put out of busyness the national drink.

—"Soroche," in *The West Coast Leader* (Lima).

Cellarette sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Bride's Family

A marriage broker on the East Side talked a bachelor into visiting a young girl who, he said, came of good family and would inherit money. Waiting in the parlor, the *schatchen* pointed out the excellent quality of the furniture as a testimonial to the prosperity of the prospect's people.

"Maybe it's a stall, and they borrowed this stuff to kid me along," suggested the bachelor.

"Who on earth would lend these low-lives anything?" demanded the marriage broker, forgetting himself.

—New York Graphic.

The Days of Real Sport

One imagines the young son of Dr. W. R. Whitney, who said that a drop of water contained three billion trillion hydrogen atoms, talking it over with his chum. "My father," he would say, "says there are three billion trillion hydrogen atoms in a drop of water." "Pooh, that's nothing," the chum would retort. "my father says there are fifty hundred billion quadrillion thousand atoms in a drop of water."—*New York World*.

One Way to Do It

"So many automobiles! How does a pedestrian cross the street?"

"Now and then a car wants to cross. We cross with it."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"THIS motion picture came clean from Hollywood."

"Is it possible?"—*Toronto Telegram*.



"I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I THINK THIS ONE FITS ME BEST—I CAN'T GET IT OFF MY HEAD."

—Buen Humor (Madrid).

Art v. Nature

All winter through, my Lady made pretense

Of sunburned ankles, with her stockings' hue;

Now, with the sun in frequent evidence, She dips her ankles into sheaths of blue,

Chill blue.

When autumn comes, in hose of ruddy brown

I might behold her, but, inconstant queen,

She warns me that the autumn mode in town

Is fixed already for the shrillest green, Spring green.

—A. W., in *London Daily Chronicle*.

Sidelines

America—A land where druggists are short-order cooks and three-tube sets are carried in cigar stores.—*Detroit News*.

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair, free on request. It will tell you many things you should know.

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

A Slave of Fashion. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody do extremely well with nothing much in particular.

Eve's Lover. Another hard-hearted business woman finds romance in the nick of time.

Never the Twain Shall Meet. Anita Stewart as a South Sea Island girl who decides that Kipling was right.

Kiss Me Again. A gay, flip and ultra-civilized comedy of triangular tangles in France, directed by the fine Teutonic hand of Ernst Lubitsch.

Pretty Ladies. Proving that even a Follies girl has a heart—as if anybody cared.

Lost—A Wife. Adolphe Menjou as a reprehensible fellow who spent his honeymoon at a roulette table.

The Mad Whirl. The latest variation of "Flaming Youth."

Don Q. Douglas Fairbanks again outdoes himself—a feat which no one on earth except Douglas Fairbanks could possibly accomplish.

The Lady Who Lied. The story is by Robert Hichens—so now you know all.

Smooth as Satin. An extremely entertaining crook melodrama.

Siege. The Nineteenth Century and the Twentieth engage in a struggle to the death in a grim New England town.

Paths to Paradise. Raymond Griffith in a roaring farce.

Night Life in New York. One of those travelogues, but not nearly so interesting as "Nanook of the North" or "Grass."

R. E. S.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

beating, in one way or another, which she deserved, is explained by the author's frank admission that, up to the time he heard the bad news at the vicarage, the squire had never done any thinking.

Whilst I am being thoroughly disagreeable, I might as well state frankly that I am getting fed up on the advanced woman of fiction. The kind that lets her children run around naked in the garden, and gets her husband to the jellyfish mental state where he will allow her to explain everything on what she considers rational grounds. I know two or three such women in real life, and I never see them without wishing I could present them with a season ticket for shampoos.

THE third series of Georgian Stories (Putnam's) is out, and is a desirable literary possession for reasons far beyond its gilt edges. It contains tales by a dozen or more contemporary English writers, and its appearance inspired me at once to purchase the editions of 1922 and 1924. Such a confession is enough, so far as an award of merit goes, from any book reviewer.

Baird Leonard.

The Sunday Auto Ride

(Continued from page 26)

tempers. Once Mr. Pipp nodded, and when the car ahead came to a stop, he bumped it with some force.

"Ain't you got no brakes?" demanded a stout little man in his shirt-sleeves as he got out of the car and examined the rear bumper.

"No!" retorted Amos, with the expression of one who is ready to meet death with a smile.

Mrs. Pipp became hysterical.

Amos turned out and was making the best speed of the day—a good six miles an hour—when the gates of a railroad crossing directly ahead were lowered. He barely avoided crashing into them. No train was in sight.

Mr. Pipp groaned. He turned and looked at Mrs. Pipp. She seemed to him to be running a temperature.

"The Great Open Spaces!" sneered Mr. Pipp. "Out in the balsam-scented highways where there's freedom, and rest, and quiet, and peace!"

As the sun was setting that Sunday afternoon the Pipp car, its occupants exhausted, ill-tempered and dirt-covered, rolled up to the edge of the shore at Wistaria Beach. Mr. Pipp, stiff in all his joints, descended from the Ford, straightened up with difficulty and commanded his family curtly.

"Get out! All of you! Out!"

There was a strange wild look in his eyes.

"I want eat," wailed the Pipp infant.

"Take the kids up to the railroad station and wait for me!" ordered Amos.

"What're you going to do?" asked the wife.

"I'm staying here a while," said Amos.

Mrs. Pipp had never seen Amos look so wild before.

She thought it best not to argue. With the Pipp children at her heels she struggled through the sand toward the waterfront restaurant.

Mr. Pipp waited until the sun got a little lower. Then he picked up a rock and hurled it at the gasoline tank with all his might. The tank split open and the gasoline trickled out in a thin stream. Mr. Pipp struck a match, lighted a newspaper and threw it under the stream. In a moment the car was ablaze.

Mr. Pipp turned away, muttering, and ambled heavily up the beach, pausing only to heave a rather large stone at a carousel which happened to be playing "The End of a Perfect Day."

Fairy Story

"ARE you going to make any wine this year?"

"No! It's against the law."

Can one tobacco satisfy a man with 45 pipes?

You might imagine that the law of averages would require a man with 45 pipes to smoke a variety of tobaccos.

Evidently, it doesn't work that way, for here is a pipe connoisseur who after vainly trying every tobacco his tobaccoist could mention, finally got around to Edgeworth. The result is, his humidor is now "Edgeworthized."

Mr. Sonnenblick makes application for a life membership in the Edgeworth Club. All in favor say "Aye."

But first read his letter:

Richmond, Va.
Larus & Bro. Co.
Gentlemen:

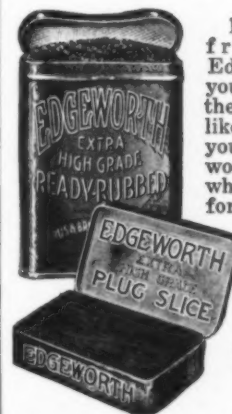
When a man has 45 pipes he certainly is up against it for an all-round tobacco. But first, about my pipes. There are 2 Dunhills, 6 Comoy's, 4 BBB's, 4 Kaywoodies, 2 Petersons, 2 GBD's and the usual meerschaum, calabash, corncob, etc. Some were sweet from the start, others remained obdurate and bitter despite the fact that I used every American brand and every English brand I could get or my tobaccoist could mention. Fancy prices! Hang the price. I wanted pipe satisfaction. The brands I tried failed; the mixtures I made failed because the tobacco varied.

I saw the ads written by Edgeworth smokers, but they sounded too good to be true. I didn't try Edgeworth in despair, but just to see how less bad it might be. Well, it is praise enough when you know that my office humidor has been Edgeworthized. Now my good pipes taste better and my bad pipes taste good.

If you've got a life membership open, put me down. It's the King Bee of tobaccos and I think I'm a qualified judge.

Respectfully yours,

Ira J. Sonnenblick.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 161 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



*Watch for this
John Held Cover*

on

Life

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As a true lover of American institutions, you cannot afford to miss this great sporting event. If you wait till this Number is on the news-stands you may be too late. Don't be caught napping. Order your copy of the Burlesque Number NOW.

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will be represented in this Number*



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No longer need carefree use of the motor-car take tribute of its original beauty.

Duco is enduring . . . a finish that recognizes no marring master. Spots and scars that used to threaten the car's smartness, hold no menace for Duco's lustrous sheen.

The time has passed when an automobile's first crisp newness might not last. With Duco, beauty remains undimmed, asking little care, as months and years roll by.

*New or old, your car deserves Duco
Insist upon the genuine*



TO secure enduring beauty, be sure that the finish on your car is of genuine Duco—created and made *only* by du Pont.

This finish is uninjured by sun, salt air, rain, sleet or snow. Oil and grease can be wiped away readily. It is hard to scratch but easy to keep spotless and bright. Even strong soaps do not harm Duco. It resists abrasion; mud and dirt have no effect upon its beauty.

The trade-marks shown above testify to the widespread adoption of Duco by automobile manufacturers whose names are synonymous with high ideals.

* * *

Old cars can also be given new beauty and increased in value. Make certain that only genuine Duco and du Pont undercoatings are used . . . your protection is the official

sign displayed by Authorized Duco Refinishing Stations throughout the country, one in every locality.



E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Flint, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

Use Colgate's— It removes causes of tooth decay



GOOD TEETH and good health are usually companions. Good looks, too, are dependent to a large extent on your teeth.

Because of the importance of good teeth to your health and to your appearance, the modern dentist is doing everything he can to keep teeth healthy. Preventive dentistry—preventing disease by combating tooth troubles—is the new



Use Colgate's After Every Meal

health move. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health.

"Washes"—does not Scour

Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. It removes causes of tooth decay by "washing" your teeth safely and thoroughly. Colgate's contains no harsh grit, no dangerous drugs. Its principal ingredients are mild soap and fine chalk, the two substances that authorities say are most essential in a tooth paste. Its function is not to cure, but to cleanse and protect.

The taste of Colgate's is delicious. And its price is as pleasant as its taste—only 25c for the large tube.

Free—Generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 518
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name _____

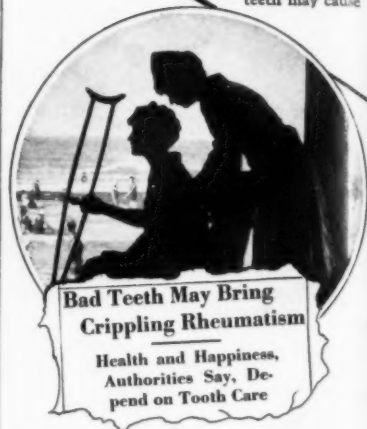
Address _____

(this offer good only in U. S. A.)



Prevent this

A condition bad teeth may cause



The importance of preventive dentistry can't be overstated. Perhaps it may seem absurd to attribute rheumatism or melancholia to poor teeth. But science has proved the connection.

If you doubt this, ask your dentist. Let him tell you the serious consequences to which bad teeth may lead. He will tell you that many dread diseases are traced directly to bad teeth; that even life itself may be shortened by teeth that have become diseased.

Many cities have undertaken preventive dentistry in schools. Philanthropic institutions, large business firms, churches and hospitals have taken hold. Many great newspapers are waging the good fight in their columns.

A New York newspaper says:

"The best results are obtained by giving the teeth the right care every day, supplemented frequently by a thorough treatment at the office of a dentist."

As knowledge of this great subject increases, more and more forces are uniting against the common enemy—tooth decay. Conditions must be improved.

Give yourself a chance!

A hospital in New York maintains this dental clinic to help boys and girls to health and happiness.

